

This I believe Patchwork

“小妹妹，谢谢你! (Thank you, little girl!) ” said the old woman with her frail body weighing heavily on the clutches which could barely withstand the enormous pressure.

Those six words made me stop in my stride. I had not done anything and before I knew it, she was thanking me. They pounded hard on my conscience and I knew what I had to do. Instantaneously, I turned back and approached the old woman and bought the three tissue packets from her which she held in her trembling and wrinkled hands. Many at times, we do see such people on the streets, either selling their talents or merchandise all for one good reason -- Survival. I believe that everyone should have the determination to survive, be it in the highly competitive world or in times when a patient uses his will power, struggling hard to pull through his bad times. Perhaps this may sound a little too far-fetched, but it is definitely not.

Just last year, my father was diagnosed with a tumour in his colon. The doctor told us that it would not do much harm, given its minute size of a few hundredth millimeters. However, the doctor was still unable to determine if it was benign or malignant and hence, in order to be safe, we opted for an operation to remove the tumour.

On the day of his operation, I had school and I could only pray fervently that the five-hour operation would go smoothly. Then after school, I got up the car and I saw my mother tearing. That was the very first time I saw her tearing. My heart sank and I had a feeling that something bad had happened.

In between sobs, she said, “The doctor called to tell me Papa’s condition just now. He said Papa’s tumour is cancerous and the cancer cells have already spread to the other parts of his body and that he wouldn’t survive past this year. He’s currently unconscious and whether or not he pulls through depends a lot on his will power.”

Upon hearing that, I was filled with disbelief and shock. Instantly, my mood hit rock bottom and tears welled up at the corner of my eyes. We rushed to the hospital and there, I saw my father. His lips were pale and he looked weak and motionless. Upon that sight, my tears gushed out. No words could describe the grief that I felt at that time.

The next few hours spent with my father was heart-wrenching and my mother and I were really anxious to speak to the doctor more about my father’s condition. Then, as if it was a god-sent, the doctor called my mum. He then apologized to my mother to tell her that he had mixed up the files of another patient, and that my father had already had his tumour successfully removed. Absurd as it may seem, we were angry, definitely, but nothing could be compared to the relief that we felt.

Will power. Just two simple words but it could make a whole great difference in one’s survival. Certainly, I do hope that the patient with the cancerous tumour would have a

very strong will power and a strong determination to survive and fight his cancer. While some may just treat their life lightly, others may be struggling hard to survive. Rather than being suicidal and causing grief to one's family members, why not cherish one's life and do their best in life to survive? Wouldn't it be more meaningful then? Thus, I believe that everyone should have the determination to survive.

As for the old woman that I saw on the streets, she may be old and dowdy but at least she's doing her best to survive, isn't she? Looking back at her, with tissue packets clutched in her hands, I smiled.

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